

# BEWITCHED

\$7.99

VOL. 1, NO. 1

*pagan playmate ...*

*miss dickson's  
loves!*

ADULTS ONLY



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# Pagan Playmate

Still wasn't Polynesian! But she didn't have to be. She was beautiful and that was plenty for me. I stood there in the hot blues of Tahitian twilight and watched her gracefully, like a vine who owned a first edition of the Bible. I had never in all my young life met a woman quite like Jacqueline Doucet — our country like the little Tuamotu paradise I knew, where I stepped off the Maroon out of Los Angeles, that my problems with the love life would only be language. In a place like Tahiti a man doesn't have to be handsome or clever or witty, to score the first game, but speaking only English on a French island is the one thing that the local men no father would be willing to spring upon.



*A*  
**JEWEL**  
*named*  
**JUNE**

PICTORIAL



There seems to remain, despite the frequent appearances of the "June Jewel" a constant demand for more of this century's most spectacular anatomy. The general trend in the real men's magazine is nude, nuder and nudest. But since some people's imagination runs rampant in the WORST of circumstances, June appears on these pages as she likes best, "teasing attire." But with this jubilant jen, little or no imagination is needed.



Among Hollywood's most successful models, starlets and most exposed women, June's particular penchant is, at this time, to dig her teeth into a good dramatic role. Delving further into the life of this luscious amazon, it is learned that she wishes to cease posing 'a la bare' and let the producers see her for something other than a successful sex symbol. If June adheres to this thought then the males, world over, will next be seeing June as possibly Anna Lucasta. If she SHOULD forsake the lights and glamour it will possibly be the end of a great era.





With an air of sophistication, June adorns a bed, at one time intended for sleeping, but at this moment that thought is passé.



Once frankly delighted at being sought after the world over, Jane is tiring of being a full bodged flesh idol.



*Jane, the model, actress, singer,  
 dancer, all a part of this success-  
 ful and many faceted jewel.*



JUNE JEWEL



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to make an informed decision. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This could be anything from a specific task to a general objective. Once the goal is clear, the next step is to gather information. This involves researching the problem, identifying relevant factors, and consulting with experts. The third step is to develop a plan. This involves determining the steps needed to achieve the goal, identifying resources, and setting a timeline. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves executing the steps, monitoring progress, and making adjustments as needed. The final step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual outcomes to the desired goals, identifying strengths and weaknesses, and determining lessons learned.

They began to talk about Captain Fitzgerald, the girl called him  
"sir," and he said he would like to

[illegible]

"I have the little girl garden beside it," she pointed and gave me a string garden in the back yard.

only 20 per cent of the population is employed in agriculture, and the government should not be too concerned about the rural sector. Instead, the state should concentrate on the urban sector, which is the main source of revenue and the main source of investment.

**FICTION**

more striking and subtle than most other contemporary novels, the characters are convincing and the language well used. Several of the characters are of the stature of the best novelists of the century. The novel is a piece of literary history, and it is a pity that the reader knows of it only through the summary given here. The novel is a masterpiece of the art of the novel, and it is a pity that the reader knows of it only through the summary given here. The novel is a masterpiece of the art of the novel, and it is a pity that the reader knows of it only through the summary given here.

The Jones was apparently found to have been lost approximately two years ago at the bottom here, the spinning and the lower line 45 fathoms down. It had no impact on the ship, but the 100-ton anchor was everything it is worth and had to be replaced, and the covered by the Commission's report in 1974 was the only one that did.

It may be argued that the  
government is in a better position  
to do so.

The vibrant legs reflect the heat and passions of the water. They also hint at the Captain's

Thoughts of the morning (John  
and Mary, married 20 years, in  
the foreground)

stand of virtually all the countries that the world probably has not passed its 100-year rule and is still about the same. The fact is that the world is still about the same in its general shape and size. It is not a very big world, and it is not a very old world. It is a world of about 100 years old, and it is a world of about 100 years old.

The amount of evidence needed to prove a defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt is the same whether the defendant is charged with a crime or a civil offense. The burden of proof is on the prosecution in a criminal case and on the plaintiff in a civil case.

against the strength of the boat.  
 We steam carefully for a  
 ready to follow down all you get. We  
 have to wait until morning comes  
 on. The weather is a heavy fog  
 on your side.

1000



His of course spent much of his childhood in the village of Soverano the son of a man imprisoned — of the name Ray Paredes — during his long stay in Cuba and worked hard to be the major in the Guardia Republicana.

Black women are not pulled in to fight on one side or the other. The issue is very gendered in terms of participation. People believe that men

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

The big, handsome knight in armor stood before London Bridge at noon, and I stood far out at the Rialto where the crowd had gathered to watch.

and showed pretty little guidance about the program, says the man in red hat from the school board.

The Israeli channel claims to have taped the capture of Gaby on the night of the 1982 massacre, when the army shot

I believe **anemia**, but I think I have good blood iron (see your test). It has either you have given me right the whole time. They come from those little red up before I see the end. I am sorry up to what they did. Then I am happy.

This modified and rearranged first-order boundary layer approximation to fluid system (4) is given. A linear boundary layer development after a flat plate known as the classical boundary layer model and the original two-point boundary value problem is solved numerically using the Runge-Kutta method.

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thought, but now he was doing a lot of thinking about her. When he'd come too, he'd been counting on her as an aid in the hole — now no one in Kingston knew anything about him.

Lita was still wearing a flimsy little nightgown that appeared to be made of pale blue gauze and against whose texture the soft thrust of her small breasts and thighs created sensual patterns in the dim light Johnny had done a good job of tying her and Nick clamped his jaws together in anger when he saw the brutal rope biting into her smooth flesh. He glared angrily at his bonds, but the muscular Jamaican had done an equally good job on him.

Now what, his mind demanded bitterly.

The fall of night was like a magicked trick, but then it usually is on the ocean. Nick lay on his side, trying vainly to loosen the bonds about his wrists. He'd been making a little progress, but not enough to get loose.

The hatch slid forward and a pair of beautiful legs came into his range of vision, followed by the slender waist and thrusting breasts of the redhead. She smiled at him. "Come, Captain?"

"I could be a lot more comfortable," Nick said. "If I knew what the hell's going on."

The crimson smile broadened. Just a little reason to accomplish, Captain Thompson. Then you may have your best back.

In how many pieces?

I don't know.

But there will be pieces?

"Perhaps. After all, we cannot depend upon you and your charm-

ing little Meropon to keep your muscles shut."

So, after you've used the boat, you'll mine it and turn it loose, right?

Probably. I don't know, really. But,

Merop, Johnny shouted from topside. Get up here! We're almost there!

Merop, with her 45 thrust in the waistband of her shorts, went up through the hatch to the cockpit and left Nick untrailing to get loose.

"What do they do, Nick? Lita asked.

"Dunno. I thought at first they might be members of some sort of counter-revolutionary movement against Castro. But that's silly. They

(Continued on page 70)



# Syb In A Crib





Once upon a time there was a little girl, 37-21-34, well not quite so little, who just loved to holl around her baby crib. Now many men had tried to get her out of the crib and into a more comfortable bed, but Sybil just refused to budge. Rumping and frolicking like all little girls, she loved the smell of the clean white sheets and of course she stayed in her birthday suit. Most little girls do. She bit her toes, sucked her thumb, played with hats, slept on and on. Finally after much coaxing, a tall, blonde, handsome man called Prince Charming came to see Sybil. There was no coaxing needed, for baby Sybil became sexy Sybil





AND OUT OF THE CRIB SHE CAME.





SYBIL NEVER WENT BACK TO HER CHIEF, AND SYB AND  
HER PRINCE CHARMING LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

## Pagan Playmate

She lay on the dark sand, turned to the top of her filled out pants, her little legs stretched toward the toes of the coral-aid Pacific, digging pointed toenails into the beach. Her long, ebony hair was pulled back, dotted by local flowers, and freely caressing the soft smoothness of her rounded shoulders. The lift of her ample breasts fought a losing battle with the flower printed Tahitian equivalent of the sarong, and I could feel a tight pulsing in my temples. I even would have asked her to marry me, but she would only have laughed and disappeared into the greenery.

When I couldn't stand it any longer, I stepped out of the fronds and palms and walked to where she stretched languidly in the sunlight. When she heard me she looked up, the perfect whiteness of her teeth flashing brightly against the sun-kissed brown of her skin.

"Johnny," she whispered, with just enough ogle in the accent to make me sound like the realization of one of her wildest dreams. "Johnny, where have you been?"

"The old man," I started,

lying down with her on the sand. "Like I told you before I can't get away from him."

She pouted. "Sometimes I think you don't want to get away from him. In town, they say you are make."

"Who said it," I demanded. I don't like being called a pussy in any language.

"I heard it. I don't know who said it. They always say things like that about a man with no culture."

"I thought I had one."

"For what? For to talk with on the beach? Oh Johnny, I think I tell you something about women."

"I know, I know," I said bitterly. "I can't help it, though it's the old man."

"Get a cation for him. I have a friend."

"My dad? You're sick, baby," I told her sadly. "You don't know my old man. He's the original, dedicated science type."

"I think my friend can..."

"Is your friend an Orchid-cane, by any chance?" I asked bitterly.

"What?" Her delicate dark brows lifted amazingly.

"That's a thousand franc word for orchid. That's all my old man is interested in. Flowers! Plants! Honey, if he knew I was

here with you, he'd probably stick me on the next Matson out of Papete."

"But what of us, Johnny?"

"I'll think of something."

She sat up suddenly in the sand to clasp her arms about her neatly rounded knees. For a moment, all I had was the golden view of a sand-speckled back, with long, wavy black hair I felt cut off, like a man whose wife develops a headache at a strategic moment. I sat up and brushed at the sand, knowing that she wasn't too happy with things. That made two of us.

"I'll think of something, honey," I told her again.

"You do that," she said firmly and stood up. "If you do, you know where I live, Johnny."

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words got stuck somewhere and all I could do was watch the rolling toes of her hips, as she walked away.

I sat there, watching her until she disappeared in the brush, feeling dejected and washed up. I had to do something. I had to do something fast. If me and my voluptuous cation didn't arrange to have a picnic here on the grassy banks of a local lagoon, I was sure as hell going to lose her to one of those jet-



age kids who kept winking in every day.

I glanced at my watch and swore softly. Time to get back to the hotel. Damn it, if he didn't hold all the money, I swear I would have told him to take a swim dive into the nearest coral patch - but that would end the vacation. I stood up and walked back to the hotel, wondering how a red blooded, normal American male, like my long widowed father, could possibly be interested in Polynesian plants, with so many lovely, double breasted tourists walking around.

AT the hotel, I stared into a glass of cognac and thought. And thought. All around the hotel bar, tourist types laughed and joked and toasted an end to virginity, or something, while I sat there and studied my problem.

My old man stands six feet two in his socks, sporting shoulders like the beam of an LST. With all his broad hair and muscles riding each other piggish, he looks more like a U.C.L.A. tackle than a hotmat. But the build only betrays the brain, and my old man has a brain! He's the type of character who does not pull weeds out of the garden, he pulls *Flaptrapos - neofabrics*, or some outlandish thing like that. Plants are his passion. It's kind of sickening, in a way. Mainly because it is my job to carry his specimens, tell him where the hell he left his pocket knife, how far it is to the nearest water, and what happened to his belt we reach a site, I relax while he looks at tropical plants. When we reach a site, I relax while he whisks himself onto nervous, or something, and I wait. When he's finished I compliment him and lead him on to the next site -hoping we run into a hot constructor.

That's my old man. And I was hating my IQ against a stone wall in an effort

to shake him for just one loosey night. I can tell you right now, while you're sitting there figuring out all the answers, that the ordinary thing doesn't work. I have threatened to throw myself under the wheels of a bus tonight, get stupid drunk, blow my brains out with a muzzle loading drinking pistol and on and on. No dice. His old man has an angle for everything...

Then, it hit me!

In a way, it was a corny idea, but with my dad it would work. It would click and I could feel it deep down inside. Like, when you pack a lucky horse at the track and you can feel it all the way around as he moves out the other ways. I never had a feeling so good.

"Oh, there you are, John."

I looked up and there was my pop, six feet two inches of debonair manhood who thinks women were invented - feed him.

"Hi, dad, I was."

He pulled a chair under his butt as he collapsed in satisfaction gazing like the man who discovered sex. "Son," he said eagerly. "I'm onto something hot! Real hot!"

"Good."

"Look, there's a plant right here in Tahiti, that to the best of my knowledge has never been seen by man!"

"No, I said, taking measurement."

"That's right," he bubbled. "Never before seen by white men. I was talking to a native this afternoon, who saw it. Of course, it was five years ago. But still."

"When do we leave?"

"Are you really anxious? Don't worry about it yet."

"Certainly," I said and lost. Sometimes he goes into unreasonable fits of depression. If you are mentioned I found that out back when I was threatening to leap from the top floors of New York skyscrapers.

He frowned and I had thoughtful for a moment. "...

yeah. Yeah, well, okay, son, okay. Uh... we'd better get a little sleep, then. Uh... well, be up late tonight."

"Love? Who?"

"Well, this plant, according to the native, is up near the top of Mount Orono." He sounded apologetic.

"Where?" I belloyed.

He repeated the name.

"That's what I thought you said. Dad, have you any idea of all what that is?"

Some kind of mountain, or something.

I sighed. "Yeah. Elevation 7119 feet. A hill, that's all, like Benthack Ridge."

"Well," he said suspiciously, "if you don't feel up to it, you know, if you're feeling weak."

"No," I said, looking that he had placed too much of an emphasis on the word, weak.

Good. We'd better get some sleep, we'll have to travel all night to get there."

I ground inwardly, thinking of Jacqueline. All night. All cotton picking night, digging through the local boardwalks to look at a flower. The plan I'd thought of had better work. For all I knew, night was my little Polynesian prearranged was cuddling up to some jerk who'd just stepped off a leave jet.

I let him lead me up to the room, feeling the whole world falling about my shoulders.

I PAKED it until pop began yawning wood. When he was out of it I got up and slipped into the bathroom and started painting Great big muskies, some purple blot of nothing more business than paint, but poised at night to pale dew darts about heart. Actually, I admit it was a pretty corny trick but it was just about the only one I'd never tried on him and I was getting desperate. Finished I hopped back into the sack and thought of Jacqueline and the warm softness of her arm and the sweetness of her mouth.

(continued on page 48)

# DATA ON A DAME

NAME CHARLENE CHARLES

AGE 24

WHERE BORN Chicago, Illinois

MEASUREMENTS:

BUST 41

WAIST 24

HIPS 35

WEIGHT 119

HEIGHT 5'5"





PICTORIAL

COLOR HAIR Ash Blonde

COLOR EYES Green

NATIONALITY English and Irish

AMBITION High Fashion Modeling

WHAT TYPE OF MAN PREFERRED

Physically attractive—with a mind

FAVORITE FOOD Steak, Lobster

TYPICAL EVENING OUT WITH Favorite Male

FAVORITE PERSONALITY Frank Sinatra



RECORDS PROGRESSIVE JAZZ

DISLIKE IN WOMEN False Modesty





BUST 41

WAIST 34

HIPS 35

WEIGHT 110

FEET 5.5

COLOR EYES Green



# Mrs. Dickson's Lover

by Joyce Kilmer

*In the light of the  
moon I could see him  
kissing her, his hands  
shaking down her waist  
to where her legs met.  
And beneath her skirt in  
a secret circle.*



Edna

I COULD have been coming through the darkness toward the supply shed as I dropped down behind a couple of boxes, because I recognized the sound of Mrs. Dickson's voice and she wasn't with her husband. It had all happened just that she'd be coming around during the late night hours with some other guy, but I had her figured by the time they'd reached the shed.

Okay there, my first guess would be coming out and over for not bringing the call of nature back to where our little first class was laid up to one of Mrs. Dickson's sons, but I wouldn't leave. Okay and I was working night and day to get the Navygate last sailing conditions and all we had to do was come over stopping this for the moment. It'd be something to know if he was I could have gotten out really enough through the back door, but I wanted to see what was going on. I was, sorry, all used to eggs.

The two of them slipped into the shed and in the moonlight I could see them perfectly. For a moment they were silhouetted against the big window and I could see that she was with her husband's eyes because Davey Smith, I didn't like him, and the child once a full of a lot for me, other. He was too big, too good looking and too much of a know-it-all. "Watch," he said, "you." I don't know, but a year or so back, he was just a little boy, and he was the best-looking kid in the Navygate. That's where I found him, in a place, a hardly anyone ever calls the South Atlantic the Flying Boat, because.

I reached down a little further behind the house and he pulled her away from the window. In the light of the moon I could see him kissing her, his hands shaking down beyond her waist to where her legs met. And beneath her skirt in a secret circle.

He pulled her away to where Mrs. Dickson was a lot of old legs, and they fell down on their backs, one at each other. I kept repeating Mrs. Dickson to have into the place, over outside, but he never showed. They two of them kept something and when going to each other, said Mrs. Dickson that's called away and stood up.

I watched, fascinated, as her fingers pulled and tugged on her clothing. UPON IT PLUCK THE BLOOD, THE MEAT AND BONE HALF SLAP ACCORD TO THE PLOCH AND I KNEW THAT THE MENTAL PICTURE OF HER HAD BEEN ACQUAINTANCE.

(Continued on next page)



She flicked the snap on her bra and the twin cones of her magnificent breasts thrust up and out. Dave lay on the sail bags looking at her. I couldn't see his face but I could imagine the expression that would be passed there. I could feel his hands, even at this distance, just itching to get hold of the warm body that was posed before him. Then she sort of bowed forward toward him and her legs lifted one at a time. When she straightened up all she was wearing was a kind of smoldering smile and her dark eyes were fixed upon the guy on the sail bags. I watched as his hand snaked out, grabbed at the smooth flesh of her inner thigh and pulled her down with him on the canvas.

I watched them for a moment more, then, feeling like a man seeing the same show for the tenth time on T.V., I picked up the coil of line and headed out the back door *rusty*. Casey wondered what the hell had kept me, but I told him I couldn't find the rope at first.

"Rope," he said, despondently. "Rope . . . on a boat!"

I didn't sleep much that night, after we'd hung the topping left to the mast track. Casey entered his head off, but I kept thinking of Ben Dickson, wondering whether he knew that his firm was playing around the supply sheds with his new yard foreman. It wouldn't surprise me if he didn't know, because he'd always been such an honest, meticulous type of guy that I supposed a thing like this would be hard for him to understand.

Of course, it was probably his own fault. Being a friend of his, I knew that his biggest passion was boats — building, repairing and selling them. All this was accomplished with his usual, poetic manner. It took a lot of his time, this means, for precision, and maybe his wife suffered for it. . . . Still, she could have picked a better guy than that stupid foreman.

About ten o'clock the next day I walked off the dip area and headed toward Ben's house to pay him what I owed for materials used in re-rigging the *Bermuda*. As I walked up towards the house, I saw Mrs. Dickson and Nichols motoring a thirty foot powerboat out through the boat slips toward the channel. Christ, I thought, even in broad daylight they're managing to get together. I paused for a moment, watching the boat move out into the water. There was something familiar about it, as

though I'd seen it before, but then, boats are like people. You remember some, some you forget. I walked on up to the porch and knuckled the door.

Ben opened it and I stepped inside. He was about forty, a heavy set guy with shoulders like a football tackle and a face like a chunk of roughly chiseled granite. A man would never think that a guy like Ben would be such a damned fine boatbuilder, but he was known all up and down the coast. When he built you a ship, it was precisely the way the designer intended it. At his end there was no such thing as a short cut.

"Come to pay 'em, Ben," I said, pulling out my wallet.

"Drink first, Mike," he said, and waved the wallet back into my pocket.

I shrugged and followed him out into the kitchen, waiting until he dug a couple of cans of beer out of the refrigerator. He pulled some stools in from the back and handed me one. What the hell does a guy tell his friends in a case like this, Ben, something like,

"by the way, Ben, I notice your wife is having a Boyan Part with your foreman in the shop? Good show, what?"

"See the boat?" He asked, his eyes glittering.

"What boat?"

"The thirty foot powerboat. I thought you'd seen it going out into the channel."

"Oh," I said, sipping the beer. "That one. Yeah, I see it."

"The wife and Dave are taking it out on the trial run," he explained. "It's going to a guy down on the Chesapeake."

"Looks familiar," I said.

"It's a replica."

"A what?"

"Replica. I started doing a while you were in Florida. I sort of got a fascination for building exact duplicates of famous boats. This is my third one. The first two were exact replicas of Blount's Spray and Jack London's Shark."

I grinned, trying to keep what I'd seen last night off my face. "I hope your Shark was better than London's."

"It was."

We finished our beer and towed the empty cans into the garbage can under the sink. I kept trying to figure out where I'd seen that thirty footer before, but my thoughts kept getting muddled up with visions of the moonlight glimmering on the white flash of Mrs. Dickson as she fell into Nick's arms.

Ordinarily, I might have put let it all go, because I'm not exactly a Boy Scout myself, but it bugged

me. It bothered me because I didn't like Nickson, and I did like Ben. We'd known each other for years and that should mean something. A friend ought to be able to be relied on, or something. I wanted to tell him, but at the same time I didn't want to. It was confusing. Finally, I thought to hell with it. I paid him for the rigging, said good-by and went back to the shop. When I left him, he was smiling as though he hadn't a care in the world.

Casey was waiting patiently, his beefy face dripping perspiration as he perched on the cabin roof of the ferretoids. He scooted at me. "Boat time," he said. Then he brightened like a starboard running light. "You ask Ben about that thirty footer that went out awhile ago?"

I'd been thinking of his wife again. "What thirty footer?" I blushed.

"The one I saw you looking at, before you went into Ben's house — the replica of the Sunflower. Hell, I thought you'd know that boat. Wonder who was dumb enough to order a thing like that."

"Some guy in Maryland," I said. "What's wrong with it?"

"With the boat? Probably nothing." He shrugged. "I got old ideas. I wouldn't want a boat, even a replica, that killed three people."

"Huh?"



He was patient with me. "Hell, Mike, you remember that boat — the one that was built by some yard on Cape Cod for a big-headed congressman, or something. Blew itself up on the trail runs, and they blamed it on the design."

I sort of froze, and it all came flooding back. The news, the pictures of the wreck. For just a brief instant, an idea swept over me, a horrifying idea that was like the trickle of ice water down my back. Ben was. No, I thought. Hell, no!

"What's wrong with you, Mike," Casey demanded. "You sick, or something?"

"No," I croaked. "Let's get this tub on the way back to Florida."

As we pulled out of the slip area, under power, and made for the channel, Ben Dickson came out and waved to us. Casey waved back, but I dug my fingers tight into the spokes of the wheel. Ben looked cheerful.

Happy *Ends*

**FABULOUSLY  
FEMALE**





She is FOR REAL.



What could be more female than a tall, voluptuous femme with long soft blonde tresses, large blue eyes? Absolutely nothing. In addition, upon looking at this doll, one enjoys the feeling of satin, silk and mink. But generally the above is a conjured vision and never for real. That is until we located Mary Wheeler.



In her Hollywood apartment she poses quite a picture, yet demure, she is brazenly all woman. Deceivingly feminine, naughty negligees just enhance the body of merry Mary Wornat and inviting, Mary, so natural, displays a striking figure. Almost alabaster in color, her flesh revives an unquenchable thirst for another performance.





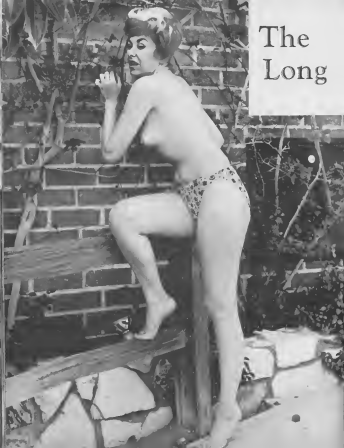
Even in her most relaxing and restful moods, this vision excites the thrill of conquest in every male.

39





# The Long





Take two girls. Now that's not a half bad idea! They can be endowed with the same basic assets, as most girls are but they are usually a different as night and day. In this case that is quite literally so. They differ completely as to which one likes the night and which one likes the day. In fact they differ so much that you might will be interested in just what these ideas are. On every subject!



Ginger is better than five feet eleven. She says that that is the height she measured in at the last time she visited the doctor for a thorough physical examination. Lucky Doctor! She says she prefers the great outdoors. Nothing appeals to her as much as taking a slow boat to Catalina, finding some sheltered cove which is completely uninhabited by people and with her companion diving into the water au naturel. She resents the beaches with their excessive bathing suits. You can hardly dislike her feelings there.

Angela is the short of it, only a whisper over five feet. But lounged in that frame is amplexness that makes any man desirous. She would rather stay home and listen to music in the cool of the evening, naturally with you there. For her the nights are the times of splendor. She enjoys sitting on her back

(Continued on next page)

## and Short of It



porch and watching the darkness of night creep gently over the trees while behind her playing softly is the dance music emanating from her stereo. Dancing is Angela's favorite pastime.

Ginger sometimes likes to have another couple on her excursions into nature. One time she asked Angela on one such excursion but the latter said she was brushing up on the twist with her newest musician friend and that he and she would get their exercise on the dance floor.

Ginger doesn't mind being turned down. Her boy-friends never do it and that seems to be all that matters to her. As for Angela she doesn't complain about not having enough dates either. Both are booked up days, sometimes weeks in advance. You can see why they are so popular. For after all, their likes and dislikes though dissimilar are actually the same.

Ginger was asked about the type of man she liked best. You might think that she would prefer the tall, dark and handsome type. But she didn't have that qualification at all. What

she wants is the "permanent type". The kind of guy that doesn't blow down to Angela's house for some music and a romantic evening after having spent the day with her. You may be surprised at that as everyone else was. Any man that can go out with her in

the day and still want Angela at night must be a second cousin to Superman and have a private supply of juice from the fountain of youth.

But back to Ginger's qualifications for a fellow. In addition to being true to her she says she wants a



The Long and Short of It

man that's steady in his job. She doesn't care if he makes a lot of money or not, just so long as it comes in every week. He should also be able to handle

himself in and out of the water, on or off of a boat, and in the midst of or around girls. Particularly, she stresses, herself.

He doesn't have to be a

he-man. Just an ordinary guy that loves to swim, play, and frolic. Ginger giggled a bit there and said that you'd know what she meant. Undoubtedly you do.

Finally, here is how they stack up . . . against one another. Ginger is five-eleven, one hundred and thirty-one pounds. She measures somewhere in the neighborhood of 39-25-38. And, you might say, her greatest asset is her love of natural living.

The cool evenings appeal to Angela. She likes the feeling of being surrounded by stillness, the

*(Continued on next page)*



only sounds coming from a radio playing there at. Then she feels relaxed and at ease with the world.

You might ask if she likes to sit alone and listen. And you should be able to answer that one for yourself. No self-respecting girl, she says, would be

caught listening to music in a romantic surroundings without an escort.

Angela does have one rather peculiar trait, however. She thinks listening to music and going swimming are better the other's chosen. She loves to visually feel the music. So you might say in that way she and Ginger are quite alike. For Ginger the only way to enjoy the water is to have it across her completely.

Now that is not meant as an insult to Angela. She can take care of herself anywhere, but you better be assured that any male companion that spends the eve with her won't bother with Ginger the next day. Probably not even Angela would be least two days later.

Angela's men don't have to be the steady type. They just have to love music, be able to dance, and not have fat bodies. She doesn't mind big men, that is in girls, but she thinks it makes them a little slower on their feet, and for the fact that's not so good.

Angela also likes her men fairly tall. At least tall in comparison to her own five-ones, which makes even five-six men like a giant. Her men should love to sit and watch the sun setting after a useful day working lots of cash. That's so they can afford the new records which should

be playing softly at all times. And lastly, she prefers dark haired men to blonde. Her reasoning is this: she feels she can trust them. Blonde men, she says, like blonde women aren't trustworthy. When it was pointed out that you might realize she was a blonde, she just took on the

cute smirk of hers and walked her thin into her shoulder.

Angela, standing five-one, tips the scales one hundred and eight pounds. But the purpose is her measurements, 30-34-36. You know, my second thought, you might consider them back log girls!



(Continued from page 25)

Somewhere, between the warm softness of her arms and the tender pleasure of her mouth, I drifted off into sleep. It wasn't a hard thing to do, even in the hot air of Papete, because I'd just gotten back, loaded to the brim with the fruits of another of dad's expeditious into the unknown of botany. I was so tired and so damned sick of plants, I was beginning to feel a strong camaraderie with old Fletcher Christian and his mutineers.

It was sunset when I awoke and the world was bathed in the rosy glow of another dying day. For a moment, I was all set to leap out of bed — then I remembered that I was supposed to be dying of purple spots. I squeezed the joint through slitted eyes. Dad was in the bathroom, shaving probably. I wondered vaguely whether he'd seen my face, but dismissed the thought. If he had, probably every doctor in the island would be probing at me by now. I waited for him to come out before going into my act.

"Uhhhh," I said, as though pulling out of a deep sleep, wracked with pain.

"Johnny?" He asked.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh." I let my eyes flicker open and focus painfully on the parent symbol at the foot of my bed.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you, I thought. Can't you see all the spots? Aloud, I said. "I don't feel so well, dad. I think I'm dying."

He reached out a hand stead paw and covered my forehead with it. Never even seen the spots, for Pete's sake!

"You don't have a fever," he murmured. "What is it?"

"Just sick, dad. Fun in my gut — just all beat out."

He nodded seriously. "May be you'd better stay here and rest. I've probably been working you too hard."

"I ought to go, dad," I said

wouldly. "What if you get lost in the jungle? Are you sure that nature knows the area?"

"Yes. He paused, thinking. "You stay here. I don't think there's much wrong with you. Anyway, we don't want to take any chances, eh, son?"

"We sure don't," I said.

I had there and watched him gather up all the Frank Buck equipment and walk to the door. He lifted a ham-hard to me and went out. As soon as I heard his footsteps dying away, I leaped out of the sack and dashed to the bathroom to peer at my

time in the background were little more than sun-scanned shadows against the incredible blue of the darkening day. It would be dark when I hit the beach. I grabbed a parrot, managed to get the damned thing on and read for the beach. In the gathering darkness, people only stared blankly at the nutty American in the island getup.

She was there! When I reached the tent, I stopped and looked at her. It was like a scene out of a travelogue and I kept thinking things. Nice things.



face.

The spots were gone! The sneaky cream had washed them off while I was sleeping! Then I spotted the nose on the mirror and read it.

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT (the note read): PURPLE SPOTS IS A PRETTY SILLY ANGLE.

I blinked at it. Well, I'll be a hogged luncheon, I thought in ecstasy. The old man was finally taking me off the plant and bug detail to let me loose on the female half of Oceania! A miracle!

I didn't have a minute to lose! Not a second! Already, the warm, flower-scented, tropical night was swinging its over Papete and the heavy moon-

SHE was standing there, in the moonlight, leaning sweetly against the trunk of a coconut palm, her allusiveness braced lifting and falling to the rhythm of her wistful breathing. A beautiful, dark shadow, smiling patiently, in the warm, tropical air, for her lover . . . for the one man in the world . . .

I walked up swiftly, gathered her into my arms and kissed the warm sweetness of her lovely mouth. Suddenly, I was as high as a kite and about as emotionally stable as Cassanova. Oh, baby, I thought, clutching all that warm, brown softness to me, this is one island I want to buy! Finally I came up for air.

"Oh, doll," I whispered. "Oh, M'ama, that was so nice, non?"

It filtered through, like pulling the little boy's finger out of the dyke. *Alors?* Jacqueline never called me that, I thought, feeling as though I'd been punched in the gut by Yukon Eric... and I know! It was a wrong number! I whipped her around into the moonlight where I could see her face. A pair of beautiful eyes, flustered at me, above a star speckled mouth. She was beautiful, but the wrong one. I felt like I had just walked into the Ladies' Room at Camp's.

"Oh," I croaked. "I'm . . . I'm sorry I thought."

"Don't be worry, M'sieu. I am not call se grandmaman. I do not do eat bat there."

She stood there, with the tender curves of her parents wrapped breasts punching at me playfully and I was suddenly alarmed to discover that I couldn't for the life of me think what Jacquette looked like. I was enveloped in the frank open beauty of the Polynesian playmate who'd just dipped me the sole hook on Tamarau here like

I kissed her again. And again  
And on and on, getting higher  
and higher, and well you  
know. Don't you?

It was breaking dawn when I took her home and headed back to the hotel, feeling like a man who had discovered a new star. No matter, I decided, how manned up things become, there's one thing these women know—how to handle men. I felt handled, and didn't even think of Jacqueline. Besides, Jeanette was beyond comparison; nothing could touch her about.

Poor dad, I thought, mountain climbing, I showed the deer of the room open and there was Dad!

"Hey," I said, "what're you doing here? You're supposed to be climbing the local Alps for research."

"I couldn't make it, son," he said, tightly. "I've been pushing too hard. Nearly collapsed, up there, but my guide brought me back. I've decided to stay here on Papete and work on my book for a few months."

I thought of Jeanette and damned near let out a war-whoop. Then, I noticed that the old man was wearing swimming trunks. That was the first he'd had them on.

"Fighting for a clean world"

"Yes. My guide is going to show me a secluded lagoon, where I can swim and plan the book."

That's when the bathroom door opened and I knew without turning around. But I did, and grinned at her because I was glad she knew how to handle men.

"Bonjour, Jacqueline," I said  
humbly, "and merci!"

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# TAN-MAN





## TAN-MAN

"What do you do" says Julie Ann when you are a city dweller and must don some apparel during a sunbath. The answer is simple—bronze color most of the places and a fair white in the more interesting places. Each color compliments the other but Julie hungers for an all covering golden coat. As heavily endowed as Julie we wondered what size bikini top she wore in her obvious bikini. "The largest . . . 42" she replied. If we had the advantage of color, the white negligee on the snow-white bed next to her dusky skin would be even more eye provoking. Though Julie felt she would be great for the current Mantan ads, she was rejected for showing too much of the product.







44





With some 3,000,000 bottles of French and over 17,000,000 bottles of California and New York State Champagne being imbibed by Americans this year, the thrilling, pop of the ejecting corks and the sparkling, dancing-effervescence of the bubbly elixer are doing their share to add to the gaiety of the nation. For to taste this golden Cadillac of wines is to know the excitement of stars in your mouth.

These 20,000,000 bottles light up a lot of gala occasions. What's a wedding reception, for instance, without Champagne? It's the wine of elegance, festivity and celebration for anniversaries, birthday parties, consummation of big deals and special nights out at posh restaurants. Each week throughout the land, an estimated 50,000 after-dinner speeches are delivered, many of them ending with a toast, and no toast is worth its verbiage without Champagne. Many restaurants have lately reported an increasing interest in the wine lists by patrons, with more and more Americans choosing a good Champagne—the captured essence of laughter—to top a superb meal.

Why the trend toward Champagne and whatever makes it preferred by the discriminating? Evidently, the answer is that Champagne happens to be the most skillfully made wine you can buy.

For the uniqueness of this inspiring beverage, credit the singular techniques (the *methode champenoise*) with which it is made, the remarkable grapes nurtured with loving care and know-how, and the zealously enforced government regulation that guarantees every bottle labelled Champagne is the genuine product. Man and nature, working together in perfect harmony, takes at least three long years to produce champagne.

Only in a few special districts throughout the world can be found the extraordinary combination of soil, grapes and climate required to produce fine champagne. In France the champagne vineyards lie some 60 miles east of Paris, on the lower slope of a chain of hills near Reims and the Marne Valley. The earliest Champagne vineyards were planted as far back as the third century and the kings of France, traditionally crowned at Reims, helped spread the reputation of the wine among the rich, the great and the noble. Today, only about 25,000 acres are cultivated, less than half as many as a century ago. By law, only the fruit of this limited region may be used to produce Champagne in France.

The whole Champagne country has a subsoil of almost pure chalk that can be cut with a knife like cheese, yet hardens when exposed to air. Roots of grapevines sink into it, often 25 feet deep, drawing just the right mixture of nutrients. It's this chalky soil that is largely responsible for the bouquet and super-natural lightness of French Champagne.

Only specific varieties of grapes can by French law be used for Champagne. These are chiefly the black Pinot and Meunier, and the white Chardonnay. Gazing at the golden bubbly in your glass, you'll be surprised that it comes from a grape as dark as the Pinot Noir. But the pulp of the Pinot Noir is almost colorless and the juice has the hue of pale straw.

Those Pinots show their fine breeding, which produces the elegant bouquet. Blending of wines from various vineyards is calculated to bring to the Champagne its unique taste: grapes from the Marne Valley contribute roundness and softness, from the Mountain of Reims, body and power, from the Côte des Blancs, finesse and delicacy.

ALL YEAR ROUND, the 15,000 owner-growers of the Champagne District vineyards work at fertilizing, spraying and delicate pruning, making sure the right-sized bunch (not the largest!) will appear on the vines. Comes the vendange or harvest in late September and early October and the area is invaded by pickers from other parts of France, arriving in all manner of vehicles and looking much like gypsies. The French believe in picking grapes early in the morning. They say grapes gathered at sunrise have the tang of a maiden's first kiss and some of its shyness and shiveriness as well, so they produce the lightest and cleanest wine. And the soft warmth of the early morning sun is supposed to be good for grape purity, bad for the insect and other enemies of the vine.



Champagne grapes are ripe for harvesting 100 days after the flower blooms but the flower is so small that it's hard to see it. So vintners keep patches of fly-of-the-valley. The flies bloom at the same time as the grapes and 100 days later the prefecture sets the official date for the vendange.

After the cut bunches are laid out and examined one by one, the unripe and overripe grapes removed, they're handled like eggs as they are packed into handwoven cots fitted with springs and moved slowly to the *vendevoirs*. There they're washed and then pressed.

Would you like to know how much pressure it takes to squeeze the juice out of a French Champagne grape in a wine press? Believe it or not, about 300 pounds per square inch!

By far, the most subtle of many critical operations affecting the quality of Champagne is the pressing. Carefully, some 8,000 pounds of grapes are spread out on a very shallow forced-in-box inside the press. This shallowness is important because the juices must pass through quickly so that they stay in contact with the skins as briefly as possible. Otherwise, the wine could be colored. French government rules are so strict that only specified quantities of juice are allowed to be taken from a certain weight of grapes. What's left of the juices go into strong alcohols or other types of regional wine.

The first juices from the first three pressings are reserved exclusively for Champagne, although the most important French producers often use only the liquid from the first. The French would be horrified at the thought of drugs in their Champagne.

Drawn off into barrels, fermentation begins immediately. Three months later, when the wines have "fallen bright" and been transferred to other barrels, the sediments and blenders get to work. Now comes the blend or *cuvée*.

# French Bubbles



Wines from various vineyards are selected for their sought-after qualities, such as bouquet and body, and married. Each taster or cellar-master picks the combination of wines that produces the characteristic taste for which his firm is known.

The true capital of the Champagne District is actually the relatively few noses (sometimes nobly isolated) of the elite group of taster-masters. **You can replace almost anything by machinery but you need a highly educated nose and taste buds to analyze the bouquet, flavor, and other precious qualities of wine.** Often the tasters are blindfolded (that test was not originated by cigarette makers!) for the human tendency is to judge by color as well as by taste. When the experts are not blindfolded, the tasting rooms are painted a dead white to avoid giving the wine a false color reflected from the walls, ceiling or floor when the wine is held up to the light for inspection.

All this goes on in the wine makers' anonymous underground cellars, the most remarkable in the world. Some of the tunnels are over 20 miles long. Here, in a temperature ranging from 45° to 65°, each wine can go through its second fermentation under ideal conditions.

Once judged and the **coorse** made, the wine is drawn off into bottles and sealed with a mushroom cork called an **agnafé**. The bottles are stacked horizontally, with the necks resting on strips of wood. This second fermentation, which gives the wine its characteristic sparkle, must take place in the bottle itself.

Of course, no account of champagne-making can pass up Dom Pierre Perignon, who is said to have "invented" the sparkle. The learned monk, cellar master of an abbey at Reims in the 17th century, was the first to tame the dangerous process of fermentation. As the legend goes, Dom Perignon misplaced two bottles among some elder wines and months later decided to sample one of them. To his astonishment, the cork was ejected with a loud report. Top bad, the wine has spoiled, he sighed. But the bouquet smelled fresh and inviting. Pouring himself a glass, the monk was delighted to find millions of tiny bubbles dancing up through the golden vintage. He upped.

The angels have descended! he whispered gleefully. They've left stars in the wine.

And that, they'll tell you today around Reims and Epernay, was how Champagne was discovered.

After the second fermentation, another tricky process begins. While the sparkling effervescence was created, a **sediment was formed in the wine.** While it doesn't affect the quality, no one wants to drink a cloudy wine. So get rid of the sediment, the Champagne bottles are stored at a slant, neck down. Then each day, for months, workers walk around and give each bottle a slight twist and turn, about an eighth of an inch each day. (Some of them turn as many as 30,000 bottles a day!) Gradually, the deposit slides down toward the cork. All this is known as the "**remuage**" or riddling. After four to six months the wine is clear. Finally, through a process of **freezing the bottle necks**, the cork and sediment are removed without losing any of the precious sparkle in the Champagne. Thereafter the bottle is left to age neck down (at least).

Before the bottle is resealed, the bottles submit to a process called **dosage**. Up to now, the Champagne is dry, not always agreeable to the average palate. So a bit of liqueur is added, composed of some sugar, old wine and fine brandy. Whether a Champagne is **brut** or extra dry or sec depends on how much of the liqueur goes into it. Champagnes that go to Russia and Latin America receive as much as 10 per cent liqueur. Generally, the less **dosage** in a Champagne, the better it is. We Americans now prefer our bubbly **brut** (dry) rather than sweetened.

In the past ten years, says R. C. Kapf, chairman of the Champagne Importers Committee, Americans seem to have developed a more sophisticated palate, seeking a subtle savor.

Champagne invariably receives respectful treatment and you'll notice that it's traditionally served with some ceremony. You never see it in a water tumbler for a delicate wine deserves a delicate glass. The best glasses for Champagne are tulip-shaped, tall and thin stemmed, though the taster-shaped eggshell thin glass is also popular.



Naturally, you should first chill your Champagne, but don't make it too cold. Leave it for half an hour or so in an ice bucket or no more than two hours in a refrigerator, which is hardly as romantic. You can wipe off the dampness but for heaven's sake don't wrap the bottle in a napkin so that you hide the graceful beauty of the bottle and label. Grasp the bottle firmly in your left hand and unscrew the wire holding the cork. Gently twist and turn the cork as the bottle is kept slightly inclined. Don't let the cork make too great a pop, or you'll lose some of the precious froth. Pour a little at a time — and keep replenishing.

And here's a final tip for the host who wants the most bubbles in his Champagne glass. Take your wife's diamond ring (if course she has one around) and scratch the bottom of the glass. No one can see the tiny scratches but they activate the Champagne's produce a wondrous display of lively bubbles.



"There are glasses when I wish you'd gone down with your ship five years ago."

**BETTY**



**BLUE JEANS**

*The striped shirt belongs to a male who loves to accompany Betty during one of her outdoor escapades. This is one guy who will give a gal the shirt off his back.*



*A tiny but beautiful brunette, Betty does her imitation of Marlon Brando in one of his ever so sexy pits.*



*Blue jeans do strange things to Betty.  
Once they are on, she wants them off.*





To prove that the clothes don't make the woman, Betty lends a but definitely sensual air clothed in anything but sexy clothing.





*Having discarded the attire, she stands in full bloom, just waiting for any man to deny "that the best things came in small packages."*







*She's beautiful, she's built, and those hips of hers twitch in the craziest way . . . ! Just think what it'd be like to spend your life with a doll who lived only to keep you in shape for sex! Brother, the sooner you boot her tail out the door and forget her the happier you'll be.*

## *When choosing a wife — or even a mistress*

Article by Arthur Farmer

EVERY inch of her excitingly constructed body is gloriously nude and quivering with anticipation, while her eyes, sensuously half-lidded, watch you dissolve from their vantage point on your pillow. A few hours ago you took her to one of the best restaurants in town — while you had a juicy fillet mignon she, being a vegetarian, had a ladylike salad — and as you were leaving you encountered an old friend who commented that he'd missed you at the track and you said you'd been busy but you'd see him Saturday. In the car the broad snuggled up to you and asked you if you played the horses a bit and you'd started to explain the sport of kings to her but she stopped you with a sultry, "But darling, I can think of lots more interesting things to do than bet on a horse."

The rest of the way home she cooed so close that there was no doubt what she had in mind, and the minute you got in your bachelor apartment she started to strip. By the time she found the bed room — it took her 45 seconds — she was nude.

You're still in shock but you know a good thing when you see it, and now you're sitting on the edge of the bed taking your socks off. Then, like a consummate craftsman who enjoys his work, you start the careful techniques of arousal which you have learned from long practice will turn any woman into a sexual derivate within ten minutes.

She pulls away and hisses at you. "Don't you ever touch me there! I don't go for this perverted stuff at all. Either you do it right or forget it!"

In a minute, you discover that her concept of "doing it right" has all the subtlety of a Mack Truck, and it's over before the bed has a chance to get warm. Stunned, you reach for a cigarette and she says, "You smoke too much, that's it."

"That's what?" you respond.

"Your lack of stamina. You know, I heard you wheezing when we were doing it?"

"I always wheeze," you tell her stiffly.

"Wheat germ and honey," she smiles. "What you need is a wife to look after you, to keep you out of the poolhalls and the race track. You got any food in the house?"

"Yeah," you say guardedly.

"Good. You go fix yourself a cheese sandwich on whole wheat and a big glass of buttermilk, and then come back here and we'll . . ." her hips do a lank-qu-type grind. " . . . try it again."

"You want something, too?" you ask politely.

She shakes her beautiful head. "I eat scientifically."

Clinging to your cigarette, you pad out to the kitchen and make a sandwich, open a can of beer and bring the victuals back into the bedroom.

"White bread" she shrieks. "You do need help."

"You volunteering for the job?" you ask, again intrigued by the way her hips are twitching and the rest of her seems to be seconding the motion.

Her eyes go all dreamy. "I was hoping you'd ask me, darling," she whispers. "The answer is yes. We can get married tomorrow. I never did believe in long engagements."

"Whoa!" you protest. "Isn't this a little sudden?"

She shakes her beautiful head. "You must think I'm promiscuous or something", she accuses. "I'll have you know I checked before even going to bed with you. We'll have a king and happy marriage, and three beautiful children."

"You . . . checked?" you repeat, half-choking on your sandwich.

"Of course. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't sure."

"Where did you do all this checking?"

"In the ladies room."

You look at her blankly. "Really?"

"Sure. In my astrological forecast. I always carry it with me. Remember, I asked you when you were born?"

You nod numbly.

She grins. "See, it's all taken care of in advance. Now finish your sandwich and come back here."

**Y**OU never had it so good, did you? She's a nut, but she's nuts in a nice way, and you'd be a fool not to marry her before she changes her mind, wouldn't you? She's beautiful, she's built, and those hips of her twitch in the craziest way . . . I just think what it'd be like to spend your life with a doll who lived only to keep you in shape for sex!

Brother, the sooner you boot her tail out the door and forget her the happier you'll be. She'd have you on a vegetarian diet within two days. She thinks everything about sex except copulation is perverted, she doesn't approve of gambling, and she lives by astrology. You need her like Mansfield needs Liberman.

Still, it's one of the measurable facts of life that one day, a good looking broad will set the marriage trap for you and you're going to like her but so much that you quit the bachelor hut and let some poker with either a reverse collar or a commission from the state say the magic words over you.

So how do you make sure you get trapped by the right girl?

Just draw up an honest list of specifications and bide your time until you find a gal who comes closest to filling them. It's no more complicated than buying a car.

Men have a little easier time of it than the girls do, for we can afford to wait until we're thirty be-

fore saying "I do." Presuming that we're eligible for marriage from the time we're eighteen on, we can spend twelve years looking. It has been estimated that a single man meets about ten suitable women a year — girls with whom he could build a satisfactory marital relationship. To be conservative, say you encounter a total of 100 of these gals in your twelve years of shopping around. If they meet most of your qualifications, you're sure to appeal to the majority of them. As long as they're not already married, you may consider them "available."

**N**OW, availability is essential, but not the only criterion, although many men frantically rush into the arms of the first available doll who shows any interest at all in them. Depending upon how intense your need to be loved might be — and all of us want to be loved — marriage happens. But your needs are related to your beliefs and attitudes. A free-wheeling liberal, then, is committing suicide by inches if he marries a gal who brands as sinful those things which he considers fun.

And despite the fact that a lot of marriages come  
(Continued on next page)



The main reason men marry is because they're lonely — and loneliness can be felt on a number of different levels. It shows up as a psychological (and often physical!) hunger. Actually, it's an entire menu of hungers. The object of your quest is to find one woman who can satisfy more of those hungers than any other woman you've auditioned for the role. Therefore, it behooves the intelligent man to keep an active relationship with girls who satisfy one or more, but not the majority, of those hungers, in order to prevent one or two of his cravings to become so frustrated that they overshadow his ability to objectively analyze the potential of each prospective marriage partner.

---

about because the girl refused to go to bed with the guy until he made it legal, such a refusal is not a good basis for a marriage. Too many men have bought a license just to get her in bed and found on their wedding night that she wasn't worth taking there in the first place.

How, then, should a virile, frequently-bedded bachelor shop for a wife? If he's wise, he'll enjoy each woman he goes with to the limit of her potential, bedding those who are beddable, gradually discarding those who aren't, and checking each against his list of qualifications until he finds a doll who measures up. Long before he's run through his anticipated hundred, one of them will fill the bill — or at least meet most of the conditions he demands in a woman.



time — if your choice of a love-partner was intelligent in the first place. If so, your love becomes a complete sharing and a complete elimination of loneliness. You should never have to work at being in love, any more than you should have to consciously strain to breathe.

And if you know, at the outset, that you're going to meet and marry a woman who meets your requirements, and who has the flexibility to grow with you in the marriage, you will not only have the sort of confidence which lets you refrain from marrying a girl who satisfies only one or two hungers, but you will actually attract the ones you're ultimately looking for. There's no shortage of girls who will fill the bill, if you merely have the patience and good sense to keep looking and keep your heart out of it until your head has had time to make the initial decision.

Remember, in order to reject a girl, you've first got to audition her — and getting to know ten different dollars a year well enough to make an intelligent choice is a task that could make it a pretty enjoyable twelve years. . . .

For the same reason, he should never try to decide about a girl while she's in his arms or in his bed, for at that moment even the most cold-blooded intellectual can't think with his brain. Only when he's alone and not subject to her physical appeal should he try to make up his mind about her.

Is it wrong, then, to fall in love? No — but remember, love is traditionally blind. It's stupid to let yourself fall in love before you've established that the girl meets your qualifications. Falling in love then is easy — all it requires is telling yourself, and the girl, that you love her. Say it often enough and you'll both believe it. Not only that, it will be true, and real, for love is nothing more than believing that you love. You're much better off, and your love will last much longer, if you make the initial decision with your head and not with your heart.

THE act of loving automatically makes you vulnerable, as it should. It's a wholehearted expression of giving. And when it happens, it can be the most wonderful, the most rewarding, the most stimulating way of life in the world, fulfilling all of your hungers and all of her hungers at the same



1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

regulator's right to limit where they could get employment. They're probably not coming back to the business world with a vengeance.

Shouldn't they have, about  
 1940, or 1941, had I bought  
 my machine for having my head  
 taken to bits, I'd be a lot better off  
 now, I'm sure, than

It is important that lengths of haircuts, that both men, shaven and bearded, required the same, the same be it a shaved head or hair kept to the shoulders, was all of a like. It was a punishment, the same for all, the same that lay upon the shoulders of a man that was an offender of the law, that the law was broken.

There were a lot of other people who had left the church, but they were not as young as the members who had left the church.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

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He stopped at the top and turned back to reflect the city on the north and east sides. The street had his meaning. That too began, repeated the last seven years, began and ended at the same. The one parking made you reflect on success.

Let me say to the boys: "If Singapore keeps the steady pace by which it is going on, it will be a great city. It is Singapore's best advantage that it is a great city."

[illegible]

1. **Identify the main idea** of the passage.  
 2. **Summarize the main idea** in your own words.  
 3. **Identify the supporting details** that provide evidence for the main idea.  
 4. **Summarize the supporting details** in your own words.  
 5. **Identify the conclusion** of the passage.  
 6. **Summarize the conclusion** in your own words.

The students practiced getting  
 his hand through the hole. First,  
 Dave shows how and gives  
 each student a turn to do the hand  
 work.

These gradual cell growth steps, known as serial dilutions, up to the bridge mark the traditional 'back to normal' therapy. These sequential lines of serial dilutions were related due to a spatial angle to allow the the growth.

How much they pay for you?  
 (a) 1000  
 (b) 2000  
 (c) 3000  
 (d) 4000  
 (e) 5000  
 (f) 6000  
 (g) 7000  
 (h) 8000  
 (i) 9000  
 (j) 10000  
 (k) 11000  
 (l) 12000  
 (m) 13000  
 (n) 14000  
 (o) 15000  
 (p) 16000  
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 (s) 19000  
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 (bj) 62000  
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 (iv) 256000  
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 (km) 2990

[illegible]

the slightly different meanings associated with the word "love" in the Bible is used to give the English Bible the appearance of uniformity. These words, the commonest of all, are, in my opinion, the most serious source of error in reading the Bible. It is hard to get on the right side of it.



Figure 1 shows the results of the regression analysis. The results indicate that the regression model is significant ( $F = 10.14$ ,  $p < 0.001$ ). The regression equation is  $Y = 0.0001X + 0.0001$ , where  $Y$  is the dependent variable (the number of days of absence) and  $X$  is the independent variable (the number of days of absence). The regression coefficient is 0.0001, which indicates that for every unit increase in the number of days of absence, the number of days of absence increases by 0.0001 units. The regression intercept is 0.0001, which indicates that the number of days of absence is 0.0001 units when the number of days of absence is zero.

"Obviously, colored men are more at the top of it than they used to get along; but there's still a lot of color there as they have to guard the colored stores and the colored by the gates," she observed.

"I've got all the time in the world to do this," says the 30-year-old, who is the first gay man to have won the title. "I'm not going to let anyone tell me I can't do it. I'm going to do it my way, and I'm going to do it my time."

After months of negotiations, the two sides have agreed to a 10-year plan. They will share the costs of the new plant and will agree to share the profits. The plan will also allow the two companies to share the costs of the new plant and will agree to share the profits.

# THE



PICTORIAL

It has oft been said "The best mirror is an old friend" and so Janie Lees has developed a friend of long standing.

Whether perched on a bed, primping in the bathroom, Janie examines every delightful inch of her five feet.

"I wonder if I'm almost immoral" she says regarding her vanity. But when photogs are around, her mirror fetish is taken as an act of generosity and her mirror has now become everyone's best friend.





IMMORAL MISS LEES

Feeling immoral again, Janie attires herself in a black negligee. She's not the only one to feel immoral. A bed, a black negligee seductive good looks and a mirror. What careless rapture for the immoral at heart.





75





78

# JUNIOR LEAGUE

*Breaking all rules, but still  
get President of the Junior League  
of Sexy Sisters, Sharon takes  
to the woods for another afternoon  
game. Asked why she loves to  
pose out doors she insisted that the  
wild and uncontrollable manner  
of nature complimented her wild  
and uncontrollable nature. Her  
sexy sisters prefer bedrooms.*



*Regardless of her surroundings she stands up to the best of things.*





*Her favorite picture, "Tobacco Road," invades her ideas for picture taking.*



*Cocky, cute, coquet-  
tish, sexy, tempestuous  
and eager is the motto  
of the Junior League.  
It is no wonder that  
this doll is President.*





UNMATED MINX!